

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

Bast. In honour'd Loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bast. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bast. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gone. Combine together 'gainst the Enemie:
For these domesticke and particular broiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you'll go with vs?

Gone. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gone. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Hear me one word.

Alb. He ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:
When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And he appeare againe.

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bast. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By diligent discouerie, but your haile
Is now vrg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliu: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being aliu. Now then, wee'll vse
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Scena Secunda.

*Alarm with him. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*

Enter Edgar, and Gloucester.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thrive:
If euer I returne to you againe,
He bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you Sir.

Edgar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?

Men must endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

Bast. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vnill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning haue incur'd the worst:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.

Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds in th' Cage:

When thou dost aske me blessing, Hee kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiveness: So wee'll liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talk of Court newes, and wee'll talke with them too,
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon the mystery of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'll weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw Incense.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make vs weepe?

Weele see 'em staru'd first: come.

Bast. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare question: neither say thou'st do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Cap. He do't my Lord.

Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so
As I haue set it downe.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant straine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to vse them,
As we shall find their merites, and our safety
May equally determine.

Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common bosome on his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, to appeare
Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacie may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your Brother.

Gone. Not so hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me inacted, he compeeres the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gone. Hols, hols,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a Squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answere
From a full flowing stomach. Generally,
Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Winnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Master.

Gone. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Bast. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason: and in thy arrest,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,

Exit.

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gone. An enterlude.

Alb. Thou art armed Gloucester,

Let the Trumpet sound:

If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,
There is my pledge: He make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gone. If not, He nere trust medicine.

Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world hee
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach
Oe him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.

Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leui'd in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this.

Herald reads.

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Ar-
my, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, supposed Earle of Gloucester,
that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third
sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Her. Againe.

Her. Againe.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th' Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer

This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost

By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-

Bast. Himselfe, what saist thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy Sword.

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,

Thy arme may do thee Iustice, heere is mine:

Behold it is my priuiledge,

The priuiledge of mine Honours,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Despise thy victor Sword, and fire new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:

False to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,

And from the extremest vpward of thy head,

To the discent and dust below thy foote,

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